

## By the River by Ky-Kitty3

**Category:** IT

**Genre:** Angst, Romance

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-10-17 22:39:03

**Updated:** 2017-11-09 00:45:44

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 04:55:05

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 4

**Words:** 3,325

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** AU IT movie! Bill Denbrough/ Henry Bowers romance.  
Bill thinks Henry is... cute?

# 1. Chapter 1

Author's note: Hey guys! I've recently been obsessed with the new IT movie, lol, and I was thinking of writing a story for it and was wondering if anyone would be interested? I know I have a lot of other stories to update, so I'm hoping writing this will get me back in the mood.

P.s: If I do write an IT fanfic I just thought I'd let you guys know that it will be a Bill/Henry romance story. Idk why I want to write that, but it just seems interesting to me. Henry is a very interesting character and whenever I watch the movie I just can't help but want to see more of him. Anyway, enough with my rambling! Let me know if any of you guys would enjoy that! Thanks ^\_^

## 2. Chapter 2

*Author's note: Alright! Plenty of people seemed interested in the story, so here's the first chapter. Hopefully there's not too many mistakes and I hope you enjoy : ) Please review and tell me what you think or anything you might want to see in future chapters!*

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### *Chapter 1: A Not So Secret, Secret*

The end of school bell rang at 3 o'clock and all the kids rushed to get out. Richie, Stan, Ben, and Beverly all walked beside me apparently making plans to visit Eddie. He had the flu and his mom freaked out and pulled him out of school.

" He's probably not even sick," Richie complained, " He probably just wanted to get out of the math test today. Or maybe he just wanted to stay home and jerk off all day!"

Stan punched him in the shoulder. " That's gross man!"

" Your mom's gross!"

" Hey!"

I smiled and shook my head. My friends are so weird, but I wouldn't change them for anything in the world. As everyone got their bikes ready to go, Beverly grabbed my arm. She smiled and her eyes were shining. She tucked a piece of hair behind her ear.

" Are you ok? You're being kind of quiet." She was always so nice to me.

" Y-yeah, I'm ok. I-I'm just t-tired."

" You sure?"

I nodded " Yes. Y-you guys go on w-without me."

Beverly looked behind her at the others waiting for her. Ben waved to her. She looked back at me for a second before picking up her bike.

" If you're sure...." She trailer off. I nodded again. " Ok.... We'll see you tomorrow then."

" T-tommorrow, yeah. Bye." I said.

" Bye!" Beverly winked at me as she got on her bike and went to meet the others. They all rode away.

I took a deep, shaky breath and got on my bike, going the opposite direction.

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I leaned my bike up against a tree and and walked down to the river. The rocks crunched underneath my sneakers. I sat down at the water's edge, looking down into the beautiful blue water.

I liked to come down here sometimes to be by myself. Don't get me wrong I loved my friend's and my family, but sometimes it's nice to get away from it all. It was quite. And I didn't have to talk to anybody and worry about my stuttering. I had found this little spot in the woods by the River that was hidden behind some thick tree's so nobody else knows about it. I think anyway. I guess it really didn't.....

*CRACK!*

I stood up quick and whirled around at the sound of a stick breaking. Being stepped on. I guess I wasn't the only one that knew about this place.

The tree branches parted as he walked the through them. He was wearing heavy boots, light washed ripped jeans, leather bracelets on his right wrist, and a yellow shirt with the arms ripped off. His blonde hair curling against his neck. He stopped walking when he saw me.

" B-b-bowers?!"

" B-b-billy!" He sneered at me.

My eyes dropped down to his mouth. His bottom lip had a cut that was red and irritated. A few drops of blood rolled down his chin.

" W-what happened to y-your face?"

" Fuck off." He growled and walked past me, shoving his shoulder into mine and I stumbled.

" What's your p-problem! I-I've never done a-a-anything to you! You s-suck Bowers!" I yelled at him. It made me more angry when he just ignores me and reached down to cup some water into his hand and started to wipe the blood off his chin. My hands were clenched by my side, sure that I was going to get beat up and they would never find my body down here.

Bowers looked over at me from where he was crouched down. His blue eyes flashed for a second. I couldn't tell if it was anger or... sadness?

He let out a soft snort and looked away again, shoulders slumping. " My dad....."

" W-what?"

" My dad ok! That's what's wrong with my face!"

I bite my lip. I wasn't surprised. Everybody in town knew of Officer Bowers anger problems, but have never acknowledged it. It was a small town and everyone just wanted to fit in. No one wanted to get on the bad side of the police.

" Oh. I'm s-sorry."

" Why are you sorry? Shouldn't you be happy?"

" Why w-would I be happy?" I asked, confused.

" Because I torture you and your merry band of losers on a daily basis?"

" E-even if that's t-t-true, no one d-deserves to be abused."

He stood up and turned around, crossing his arms over his chest before rolling his eyes at me. His arms flexed. He did have nice biceps.... Wait what?!

" You're too nice for your own good, Bill."

" Why? Because I-I'm not a dick like y-you?" I scowled.

He laughed. He had a nice laugh, when it wasn't directed at me or my friend's misfortunes. " You know, usually I'd beat your face in for that comment since I'm a *dick* and all. But I'll let it go this once," He swaggered forward till he was an inch away from me and poked me in the chest, " Just don't go around telling anybody about this or else!"

I barely heard him. With him this close I could smell his woodsy/spicy smelling cologne. He was taller than me, so my eyes were level with his soft looking lips and I couldn't stop looking at the cut on his lip. I felt some angry at his dad building up in my chest. As if on instinct, my hand raised and I stroked one finger down the cut.

As soon as I did he jerked away, looking at me with furrowed brows. I blushed and looked away. My heart was pounding.

" S-sorry." I didn't look back at him.

He was silent for a moment. " Whatever..." He murmured.

I didn't look back till I heard him walk away and back through the trees.

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The next day at lunch I couldn't help but look over at Bower's table where he was sitting with his friends. I watched as Patrick Hockstetter tripped a student and they dropped food all over themselves. They all laughed except Bowers.

He was staring down at the table with a troubled expression. Of course he took that same moment to look up and his eyes meet mine. I licked my lips. His eyes flickered down to my mouth then back up before looking away fast. That was weird.

His blonde friend nudged him and he looked back up and laughed at whatever he said. It didn't sound like the laugh from the river. That one was real. This one however, sounded fake, forced.

There was something about Bowers. I don't know what it was. It

seems like he's more than just a stupid bully like I thought. When he wasn't being an asshole he was kinda cute.

Cute?! No,no,no! I did *not* just think that Henry Bowers was cute! That's like thinking a poisonous snake was cute!

But then he quickly glanced over at me again, his blue eyes soft and a slight blush on his cheeks before he looked down and it was over.

Shit.

I think Henry Bowers is cute....

### 3. Chapter 3

*A/N: I'm so sorry guys! I wanted to have chapter 2 done last Friday, but I was extra busy at work and with Halloween and last Sunday was my Birthday. 20 whoo! Anyway, right after I finish writing this chapter I'm going to try and have chapter 3 done tonight or tomorrow to make up for being late!*

#### *Chapter 2: Kiss*

Whatever this 'thing' was between Henry and I was surprisingly easy, if not a little weird. He's different than I thought he'd be. More calmer.

We have been friends for a couple of months now. Most days after school I would come down to the river. Sometimes I would get there first and sometimes Henry would get there first. It was always like that. If I was there, Henry would eventually show up and I always showed up to meet Henry. Although whenever Henry's late it makes me worry. I know how his dad is and if he's a little later than normal, I get scared that something bad happened.

Sometimes we talked about nothing at all. We would just sit there in silence and listen to the bubbling of the river. Those days we're nice. We both didn't have to worry about what we would say or try to make awkward small talk. It was nice to just enjoy another person's company without words.

But then there's the other days. Days when Henry is ACTUALLY happy and wants to talk to me. He'd ask me questions about my family and friends or what my favorite color was or favorite music. I'd answer them all. I don't know why I felt the need too. Maybe it was his stupidly beautiful, big blue eyes.

I try to ask Henry questions too. He interested me. He was a lot less willing to answer questions at first, but I think I was breaking down some of his walls.

Being Henry Bowers friend was, in a word, interesting.

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" Pass."

" W-what! You can't p-pass!" I giggled. I turned my head to the side to look at him. We were laying on a blanket playing a game of Truth or Dare. Henry had picked truth and I asked him if he was a virgin. He had said stuff in the past to suggest he wasn't, but this was a new version of Henry I hadn't seen before and I was calling bullshit.

" Where in the rules does it say I can't pass!" Henry asked incredulously, looking over at me with his eyebrow raised.

" My rules!" I exclaimed.

" That's not fucking fair! You can't just make up your own rules!"

" I h-haven't passed either. Even a-after you dared me to l-lick that tree! Y-yuck!" I grimaced.

Henry laughed. " I can't believe you actually did it though. There was probably mold on it."

I shoved his shoulder as I sat up. " S-shut up! Just a-a-answer the question!" He blushed and looked away, mumbling something under his breath. " What?"

" I said yes, ok! I'm a virgin!"

I grinned. " Knew it."

" Then why'd you fucking ask?" Henry scowled.

" Y-you're cute when you b-b-blush."

Henry's blush deepened. " I'm not cute! I'm a badass!"

" S-sure, Henry..."

He growled and sat up. " Take it back!"

" Make m-me!"

He grinned and pushed me back down onto the blanket, straddling my hips. He dug his fingers into my sides and I burst out laughing.

"N-no! Hahaha. Stop t-tickling me!" I laughed/screamed as I tried to push him off of me, but he's much stronger than I am. Henry grabbed both of my hands in one of his and pinned them to the ground above my head so I couldn't push him off.

My chest hurt from laughing too much and I could barely breathe. I don't remember the last time I had laughed this hard.

" P-p-please!" I gasped.

" Not till you take it back!"

" Ok, ok! Y-you're not c-cute!" Henry laughed and stopped tickling me, but didn't let go of my hands. We both quieted down, chests heaving.

Our eyes meet.

Henry's blue eyes were filled with laughter and I decided right then that I always wanted to see it. Be the reason for it. He leaned down a little, eyes still on mine.

" Henry..." I whispered.

A pair of soft, chapped lips pressed against mine and my eyes fluttered closed. Henry smelled so good and his body was hot against mine and then..... It was gone.

My eyes snapped back open as Henry let go of my hands and ripped himself away from me. His eyes were wide as he stood there. I stood up and tried to put my hand on his shoulder. My heart throbbed a little as he took a step away from me.

" Henry, I..."

He shook his head and grabbed his jacket off the ground. " I.... I have to go now."

" N-no! Henry please. W-wait! Can we j-just talk about it!" I pleaded.

" There's nothing to talk about!," He screamed," This never fucking happened! You hear me? I'll kill you if you even so much as breathes

a word about this to anyone!" He gave me one last look and stormed off into the trees.

" HENRY!" I yelled, but he didn't come back.

My chest ached. I could feel tears burning in my eyes.

What the *hell* just happened?

## 4. Chapter 4

*A/N: Enjoy! Let me know what you think! I put Eddie in this chapter because I love him and he's a precious cinnamon roll. ^\_^*

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### **Chapter 3: Gay?**

"Math sucks." I groaned quietly. When would I ever have to use this stuff?

"What's up with you?" I glanced up to see that Eddie had turned around in his seat.

"Math. It's h-hard. I don't k-know why we have to l-l-learn this..." I whispered. I peered around Eddie to see if the teacher was watching. Nope. Ms. Heart had her face buried in a book as we worked on our math homework. Is that a romance novel? I wrinkled my nose. Gross.

Eddie rolled his eyes. "No, I don't mean the math. I mean you. You go off after school like almost everyday for awhile now and you've been more happy lately. You really haven't been hanging out with us that much. You know, us, your friends? Then this week you're all sad and mopey like someone killed your brother."

"I h-haven't been m-mopey!"

He cocked his eyebrow at me. "Rightttt."

"I'm not!"

"You don't gotta lie to me, Bill. I thought we were friends." Eddie gave me the sad puppy dog eyes. Oh god. Not the puppy dog eyes...

"W-we are! I j-just...."

"Just what? You got a secret girlfriend you been sneaking off with? Is she cute?" Eddie grinned at me.

"I don't h-have a girlfriend."

" Did she break up with you and that's why you've been sad?"

" No! There's no g-girl!"

Eddie leaned in closer, eyes wide." A boy then?"

My face started to heat up and I knew I was blushing. " No!"

" Oh my god! It is isn't it! You have a boyfriend! Your gay?"

" No it's... n-not like that. Ok, maybe there's a b-boy. But a f-friend who is a boy not a b-boyfriend."

" Not a boyfriend as you don't like him or not a boyfriend because he dumped you and now you're sad?"

" You c-can't get dumped if you were n-n-never dating." My voice sounded a little sad.

" Sooo?"

I looked around the room to make sure no one was listening. " Yeah. I'm g-gay...."

I looked up to Eddie's warm brown eyes and he nodded. " Ok. I don't care if you're gay, Bill. You'll always be my friend."

I smiled. " T-thanks, Eddie."

" So who is it?"

"Who's who?"

" Don't play dumb with me! Who's your boyfriend!"

" H-he's not my b-boyfriend."

He waved his hand. " Whatever. Boy you like then. What's his name? Does he go to school here?"

" I c-can't tell you."

"Why not?! Pleaseeee?"

I bit my lip. " If I tell y-you, you have to p-promise you w-won't tell anyone! Not e-even our friends!"

" I promise!" Eddie zipped his lips and threw the imaginary key over his shoulder.

" Ok," I took a deep breath," I've b-been hanging out with Henry B-Bowers...."

Eddie screeched. " HENRY B-!"

I quickly covered his mouth with my hand. " Shhhhhh!"

" Henry Bowers?!" Eddie whispered aggressively." You gotta be kidding me!"

I shook my head. " No, but l-last week he k-kissed me and..."

"What! So not only are you apparently hanging out with Henry freaking Bowers, but you guys kissed too!" He put a hand up to his forehead. " Great. You're crazy now."

" It h-happened last week and n-now he won't t-talk to me. He ignores me l-like nothing h-happened." I looked sadly down at my math homework.

" Crap. You really like him don't you?" I shrugged without looking up.

" D-doesn't matter."

***Ringgggg.***

The end of class bell rang and everybody started to pack up their stuff. Eddie followed me out the door.

" Ok, so I was thinking..." I stopped dead in the hallway and Eddie crashed against my back. " Hey! Why'd you stop?" But I barely heard him.

Henry was there. He was leaning against the wall next to the boys bathroom looking bored. I could feel myself start to get angry. How dare he try to ignore me?! Well fine. If he wasn't going to talk to me

then I will talk to him myself!

I marched over to where he was standing. His eyes got big when he saw me coming. " Henry-

He grabbed my elbow and dragged me into the bathroom. " What the fuck did I say? Why do you keep bothering me!" He huffed.

" Because y-you won't t-talk to me!"

" Because there's nothing to talk about!" He yelled back at me.

" Bullshit! You c-can't just hangout w-with someone then k-kiss them and not have a-a-anything to talk about!"

" I told you that it didn't happen! Why won't you just forget it!"

" Because I don't want to!" I screamed. My shoulders slumped. More quietly I said, " I l-liked it. It was n-nice."

Henry shook his head sadly. " I.. I can't." He started to turn around to leave, but I grabbed his shoulder and spun him back around.

I pressed my lips gently to his in a chaste kiss.

" No. No, this t-time I'm the one t-that's going to w-w-walk away." I gave him one last look before pushing past him and out the door.

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**A/N #2: Don't hate me!**